Imprisoning the Unemployed.

Workers' Dreadnought

FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM.

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST

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MINERS' REVOLT AGAINST AGREEMENT.

A Durham Agitation.

The Morrison Lodge of the Derbyshire Miners' Association has issued a manifesto to all mine-workers, pointing out that at the end of September three months' notice may be given to terminate the agreement with the coal-owners concluded at the end of the lock-out. They say that "the intention of the masters is to get the mine-workers down, and this Agreement plays into their hands."

Under the Agreement, wages are fixed according to the fluctuation both in coal prices and in cost of production. As to the latter cost, the manifesto observes:

HOW THE MINERS ARE ROBBED!

"Why has cost of production, other than wages, gone up so high? Look around! At almost every pit some kind of improvement is being effected, or money is paid out in some way which enters the account against our wages. How far this sort of thing is going on no one knows. No one will ever know. We have *foundation in fact* for suspecting that the masters are 'juggling' the figures in the way mentioned."

THE WORKERS HAVE NO VOICE.

The manifesto complains that the agreement divides the workers into sectional coalfields negotiating separately with the employers. Then it says:

"The agreement . . . leaves our wages to the mercy of factors, over which we have not the least control. We have NO VOICE in selling price, no voice in costs other than wages, no voice in management, or control, or anything else. It simply keeps us down to the POVERTY LINE.

NO PROVISION FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

The agreement makes no provision for the unemployed miners, of whom there are 20,000 in Durham. This number will increase, for oil fuel has come to stay, and will make the miners' position more precarious. The Morrison Lodge manifesto demands that the mining industry shall support its own unemployed.

GREAT PROFITS.

The employers are making great profits. In twenty-three years the Consett Coal and Iron Co., Ltd., made an average annual profit of £462,742. The lowest profit was £266,175, in 1904, and the highest £899,142, in 1920.

Of an ordinary capital of three millions, two million pounds, consisting of bonus shares, was distributed in September 1919. The average dividend from 1910 to 1920 has been 88½ per cent. That means for every pound invested, in three years another pound is forthcoming, the first pound still remaining. In other words, the investor doubles his money in three years.

In the year 1920 the dividend reached 60 per cent.

Think of it, fellow-worker: A man lends £100 to the company. In one year's time the company give him £60 for himself, and he can get back his £100 any time he pleases by selling his share!

Meanwhile the recipients of those enormous profits in 1920 were preparing to lock the miners out in 1921.

The men in the Durham pits are now getting the meagre wage of 6/8 a day, with plenty of short time to reduce that pittance to something considerably less.

"Men of Durham, remember the noble struggle of your fathers of old!" says the Morrison Lodge; and well it may, seeing that the miners are fast slipping back to the conditions from which their fathers of old fought their way up.

The miners to-day, however, should have gained an insight into the position which was not open to their forefathers.

The position is this: So long as capitalism rules; so long as the mines are private property and you are merely wage-workers, you will always be liable to assaults upon your wages. You will never be able to count on any improvement you may secure in your conditions as something that is permanent.

FRANK HODGES CALLS THE AGREEMENT "SOUND."

Meanwhile, Mr. Hodges declares in favour of retaining the present agreement, which is so much detested by the miners. He considers its fundamental principles to be sound.

If the miners intend to fight the agreement, it is quite obvious that they will have to dismiss Mr. Hodges. A whole-hearted fight against an agreement of which he is in favour is not to be expected of him.

MAMMON.—G. F. Watts.

THE HOUSE FAMINE.

The Sequel to an Eviction.

On May 17th James Shaw, 68 years of age, and his elderly wife were ejected from their dwelling in a working-class barracks at 318 York Street, Glasgow. Their furniture was piled up on the stairhead. Their Communist neighbours rallied to their support and helped them to re-enter their home.

Then the police—always at the service of the propertied against the propertyless—came upon the scene of action and arrested Shaw and nine other men and a woman for having broken into the premises.

Next day the prisoners were brought before Superintendent Ord and Baillie Welsh, a member of the Labour Farty. The accused were remanded in custody till May 23rd, bail being refused by the Labour magistrate. On May 23rd these comrades were again remanded, no date being fixed for their trial and bail being again refused. They are still untried, and still do not know when their trial will take place.

On May 27th Mrs. Shaw and two men comrades arrested in the meantime were also brought up at the Southern Police Court; they, also, were remanded in custody to await trial on some unknown date.

On June 4th George Wratten, a Communist, was arrested, charged with inciting the hungry to take food where they could get it. He, too, was taken back to the cell to await trial: when?

The South-West Scotland section of the National Unemployed Workers' Committee Movement, 10 Grace Drive, South Govan, has taken up the cases of these comrades and is endeavouring to maintain their destitute families. The secretary, Comrade M'Gregor, reports considerable difficulty in raising the necessary funds. Now then, Glasgow!

The prisoners are: Henry M'Shane, Robert Haffron, F. P. Duffy, James Shaw, Mary Shaw, Charles M'Cafferty, Hector M'Guire, John Henderson, James Connelly, James Scanlan, James Cooper, Mary Turnbull, James Cullen, John Leyden, George Wratten.

The Camberwell unemployed who "took" a house last winter have been left unmolested. If the movement behind the Glasgow comrades had been sufficiently determined they would not be in gaol to-day.

These expropriators of the landlord are making history: they have begun a movement that will travel far.

WORKERS' OPPOSITION.

By Alexandra Kollantay.

(Continued from last week.)

On this point all the leaders of our party are in complete accord. "The centre of gravitation in the work of the trade unions at the present moment—assert the 'Ten' in their theses—must be shifted into the economic industrial sphere. The trade unions as class organisations of workers built up in conformity with their industrial functions must take on themselves the *major work* in organisation of production. "Major work" is a too indefinite term which permits of various interpretations, and yet, it would seem, the platform of the "Ten" gives more leeway for the trade unions in running the industries than Trotsky centralism. In this case, however? Further, the theses of the Ten ggo on to explain what they mean by "major work" of the unions. "The most energetic participation in the centres which regulate production and control, register and distribute labour power, organise exchange between cities and villages, fight against sabotage, and carry out decrees on different compulsory labour obligations, etc." This is all. Nothing new, and nothing more than what the trade unions have already been doing, and which cannot save our production nor help in the solution of the basic question—raising and developing the productive forces of our country.

In order to make clear the fact that the programme of the "Ten" does not give to the trade unions any of the directing functions, but assigns to them only an auxiliary role in the management of production, the authors of it say: "In a deevloped stage (not at present, but in a developed stage) the trade unions in their process of social revolution must become organs of the social authority, working as such, in subordination to other organisations, toward carrying out the new principles of organisation of the economic life." By this they meant to say that the trade unions must work in subordination to the Supreme Council of National Economy and its branches. What is the difference, then, with that and "joining by growth" which was proposed by Trotsky? The difference is only in methods. The theses of the "Ten" strongly emphasise the educational nature of the trade unions. In their formualtion of problems for the trade unions, mainly in the sphere of organisation, industry, and education, our party leaders as clever politicians suddenly convert themselves into "teachers."

This peculiar controversy is revolving not around the system of management in industry, but mainly around the system of bringing up the masses. In fact, when one begins to turn over the pages of the stenographic minutes and speeches made by our prominent leaders, one is astonished by the unexpected manifestation of their pedagogic proclivities. Every author of the theses proposes the most perfect system of bringing up the masses, but all these systems of "education" lack provisions for freedom of experiment, for training and expressing creative abilities by those who are to be taught; in this respect all our pedagogues are also behind the times.

The trouble is that Lenin, Trotsky, Bukharin, and others, limit the functions of the trade unions not to the control over production or taking over the industries, but to a mere school of bringing up the masses. During the discussion to some of our comrades it seemed that Trotsky stands for a gradual "absorption of the unions by the State"—not all of a sudden, but gradual, and wants to reserve for them the right of ultimate control over production, as it is expressed in our programme. This point, it seemed at first, put Trotsky on a common ground with the Opposition at a time when the group represented by Lenin and Zinovieff, being opposed to "the absorption of the State,' 'sees the object of the union activity and their problem in "training for Communism." "Trade unions," thunder Trotsky and Zinovieff, "are necessary for the rough work" (page 22 of the report, December 30th). Trotsky himself, it would seem, understands the task somewhat differently; in his opinion, the most important work of the unions consists in organising production. In this he is perfectly right. He is also right when he says, "Inasmuch as unions are schools of Communism, they are such schools not in carrying on general propaganda (for in such a case they would play the part of clubs), not in mobilising their members for military work or collecting the produce tax, but for the purpose of all-round education of their members on the basis of their participation in production." (Trotsky's report, December 30th.) All this is true, but there is one grave omission; the unions are not only schools for Communism, but they are its creators as well.

Creativeness of the class is being lost sight of. Trotsky substitutes it by initiative of "the real organisers of production," by Communists inside the unions (from Trotsky's report, December 30th). What Communists? According to Trotsky, those Communists who are appointed by the party to responsible administrative positions into the unions for reasons that quite often have nothing in common with considerations of industrial and economic problems of the unions. Trotsky is frank. He does not believe in workers' preparedness to create Communism, and through pain and suffering to seek, to blunder, and still create new forms of production. He has expressed this frankly and openly. He has already carried out his system of "club education" 'of the masses, and of their training for the role of "master" in the Central Administrative Body of Railways by adopting all those methods of educating the masses which were practised by our traditional journeymen upon their apprentices. It is true that a beating on the head by a boot-stretcher does not make an apprentice a successful shopkeeper after he becomes a journeyman, and yet as long as the boss-teacher's stick hangs over his head he works and produces.

This, in Trotsky's opinion, is the whole essence of shifting the central point "from politics to industrial problems." To raise even temporarily productivity by every and all means is the whole crux of the task. Toward this end must be, in Trotsky's opinion, also directed the whole course of training in the trade unions.

Comrades Lenin and Zinovieff, however, disagree with him. They are "educators" of "a modern trend of thought." It has been stated many a time that the trade unions are schools for Communism. What does that mean—schools for Communism? If we take this definition seriously, it will mean that in school for Communism it is necessary first of all to teach and bring up, but not to command (this allusion to Trotsky's views meets with applauses). Further on Zinovieff adds: the trade unions are performing a great task, both for the proletarian and Communist cause. This is the basic part to be played by the trade unions. At present, however, we forget this, and think that we may handle the problem of trade unions too recklessly, too roughly, too severely.

It is necessary to remember that these organisations have their own particular tasks—not of commanding, supervising, or dictating, but tasks in which all may be reduced to one —drawing of the working masses into the channel of the organised proletarian movement." Thus teacher Trotsky went too far in his system of bringing up the masses, but what does comrade Zinovieff himself propose? To give within the unions the first lessons in Communism, "to teach them (the masses) the elementals of the proletarian movement.' H'ow? "Through practical experience, through practical creation of the new forms of production (just what the Opposition wants)? Not at all. Zinovieff-Lenin's group favours a system of bringing up through reading, giving moral precepts and good, well-chosen examples. We have 500,000 Communists (among whom, we regret to say, there are many "strangers"—stragglers from the other world) to 7,000,000 workers.

According to comrade Lenin, the party has drawn into itself "the proletarian vanguard," and the best Communists, in co-operation with specialists from the Soviet economic institutions, are searching hard in their laboratories for the new forms of Communist production. These Communists working at present under the care of "good teachers" in the Supreme Council of National Economy, or other centres, these Peters and Johns are the best pupils, it is true, but the working masses in the trade unions must look to these exemplary Peters and Johns and learn something from them without touching with their own hands the rudder of control, for it is too early as yet, as they have not learned enough.

(To be continued.)

WHERE SHOULD WE BE, IF . . . ?

Socialist workers, militant Communists, revolutionaries without party, I ask you this question: "If, for the last forty years, the considerable sums of money, the treasures of eloquence and knowledge, and the prodigious activities which have been swallowed up by electoral contests, had been devoted to propagating in this country the true principles and fundamental doctrine of Socialism; to stimulating the revolutionary energy of the masses; to organising those masses with a view to action for freedom; to sowing with open hand the spirit of revolt, to guiding the will for action of all militants towards the social upheaval which alone can give birth to a new world, to fighting the intrigues, the place-hunting, the ambition and the greed of the vote-cadgers and thus preventing the apostacies and betrayals from which you have suffered so much; if, in fine, the efforts which have been swallowed up by two generations already of militants in the Parliamentary struggle had been totally directed toward *education, organisation, and to action specifically revolutionary, where should we be by now?*

Should we be nearer to, or further from, the social transformation so ardently desired and impatiently expected by you and by us?

SEBASTIAN FAURE *in "Le Libertaire."*

PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

TALKING AND AN OLD WOMAN.

By TOM ANDERSON.

Very many years ago, when all the Socialists in the land were all stained class angels, we were on a propaganda tour, old Comrade Hyndman, Stet Wilson, and the grand old Henry Quelch, and your humble servant.

We were invited to lunch with the Countess of Warwick, in her grand old mansion. My thoughts of mansions always rose high, for I have been taught that after I die I would go to live in one which had golden streets and pearly gates, and so I have a kindly feeling about mansions. For in "my father's house there are many." You may think I should give up this thought. Possibly I should. But you see it is "bred in the bones," and it will come popping up. We finished our lunch, and our hostess was a perfect lady. We talked if many things, of the "coming day." It has not come yet, and that is twenty-five years ago. Still, we talked of it. Talking is one of the little weaknesses of all Socialists and reformers in general. They think they are doing fine when they are talking. They forget that a a gun is ever so much greater at settling a dispute. But no; they will talk, and more resolutions and amendments and riders, etc., etc., and then talk, and the meeting is continued to some other night, and they talk again, just as at the first meeting. And sorry I am to relate it all ends in talk. I have wondered at this, but when I grew older I found out the cause. The talking only means the finding of a way in which the talkers can induce their masters to compromise with them. And you see so far it serves a good purpose. We, the workers, are not very strong in our mentality. Our courage fails us when we meet our masters. We, if course, are their servants, and it would never do for the servant to dictate to his master so we talk in a roundabout way so that it may come to our master's ears and that he may be moved to do something. This custom is very prevalent, even unto this day. The I.L.P. "head ones" talk very well. They are very respectable, and all the half-respectable portion of our community go a certain length with them, in doubt and fearing, of course. Your Political Communist is a born talker; he froths all over when he is talking, and he lets his hair grow long so that his audience may have something different to look at. He also moves resolutions, amendments, riders, etc., etc., and points a "thesis," so that you may not go astray, and he will tell you with-

(Continued on page 3.)

A STORY OF PERSECUTION.

By a Working Man in Leavenworth Prison, U.S.A.

To be "third-degreed" into insanity has been the fate of Fredrick W. Esmond, British subject, Oxford man, doomed to take the risks of a migratory worker to the United States. Held incommunicado, even from lawyers, for eight months, Esmond was kicked, cuffed, beaten, tirelessly questioned, kept without sleep, thrown half-clothed into a stone-cold cell, and while on a diet of bread and water was forced to exist for forty-one days and nights without bed or bedding. Even the customary plank was denied him. He had only a cotton shirt and thin trousers to cover him.

Following this, Esmond was thrust into the excitement of a Federal trial lasting six weeks. After conviction his wife was harassed, indicted, freed, and re-indicted, and her persecution only halted when Fred Esmond was in the wards of an asylum, temporarily insane, as it now appears.

This terrorism was all because Esmond discovered and trapped a spy planted in the Labour movement.

On leaving England, Esmond went first to Canada, then to the United States, in search of work. In 1913 he was working in the State of Utah when a strike was called against the Utah Construction Co. He was one of the speakers for the workers, and thus was compelled to leave Utah, although the strike was won. He moved to California.

On August 3rd, 1913, at Wheatland, California, there occurred another incident which led Esmond to his doom. In this affair 3,000 people were herded in the Durst hop fields. So inadequate was the accommodation that men, women and children had to stand in line to use enclosed privies, and typhus was rampant. The workers in the hop field had a protest meeting. There was no disorder, but the people were fired on by the police. Four of the workers were killed and more than twenty wounded. Among the dead was Arthur Berry, a young English boy, who was pierced by a rifle ball as he was carrying a pail of water to prepare his supper. He was buried in an unmarked pauper's grave near Marysville, California.

The leaders of the workers, who had thus been attacked in cold blood, were prosecuted for having caused the disturbance. Esmond volunteered to act as clerk to Austin Lewis and Robert Royce, the lawyers who defended the workers. Durst, the employer, who had a band of private hirelings carefully posted, was never questioned. Two workers—Ford and Suhr—were sentenced to life imprisonment. Esmond worked loyally with the Hop Pickers' Defence Committee until appeals for these men were finally denied. Then he retired for more than two years to the ranch of some personal friends.

When the Mooney and Billings case was in its most critical stage, Esmond was invited to join the publicity corps of these workers because of his eloquent tongue and trenchant pen. Here was his undoing. It had been apparent some traitor was among Mooney's defenders. Esmond, trained and intuitive, tracked the spy. When facts pointed to a man so trusted in the unions that accusation would have been scoffed at, Esmond planned a ruse. The Judas had earnestly cultivated Esmond's regard and eagerly sought his history. Esmond revealed what appeared to be all his personal history, giving a carefully concocted tale—one told to the suspect solely. This was a trap.

In 1917, vengeance shifted from the Mooney and Billings case to the I.W.W., in which Esmond was enrolled. Scores of men and women were arrested. Esmond resigned his berth in the Mooney defence to take service at a meagre wage in the I.W.W. Defence Committee. In December 1917 there was a fake bomb explosion at the mansion of Governor Stephens. This was used as a pretext for wholesale arrests of industrial workers of the world. From the Sacramento Hall of the I.W.W., fifty-three men were arrested and imprisoned together in what in U.S.A. is called a "drunk-tank," which measured only 21 ft. by 21 ft. In the depth of winter, they were in this place sixty-four nights and days. All could not lie down at once. Wedged in as they were, some slept while others stood motionless, so as not to disturb the slumberers. Those who were down covered the toes of those who stood.

Their food consisted of less than a pint of weak coffee in the morning, with about three ounces of bread. For dinner there were three small, rancid smelts, three ounces of bread, and a bit of potato. If one of the "taties" was so big as to fill the circle of a man's thumb and finger it was halved and sufficed for two. Thus these men staid for sixty-four days. Every one of them had money They sought to buy food, and were permitted to send out an order. This food was carefully placed outside their cage just beyond the reach of the ravenous men, and allowed to rot. No warrant or commitment had been issued for any of them.

Among these prisoners was Albert Whitehead, of Leicester, and John Graves, of London. Whitehead is an English Naval Reserve man, a veteran of the Boer War.

Esmond during these days was devoting every energy to help the men. Money sent them was not delivered. Lawyers were rebuffed. Indeed, it seemed easy to stifle lawyers in those days. Esmond made direct telegraphic repreesntations to T. W. Gregory, Attorney-General of the United States.

Thereupon Esmond was arrested and sent to the immigrant detention station on Angel Island, where at first he received fair treatment. When he was confronted with the story told the spy in the Mooney Committee he laughed at the puzzled inspector. He was sure then of his man, and manged to get word to the Mooney defence office. How clever was this plan will appear.

Esmond was listed in the archives as landing in the port of Boston from the steamer *Baltic*. When search of the files was made it was found the *Baltic* had not floated until ten years after the date given, but the spy and the inspector both continued to smack their lips over the decoy story.

Esmond paid the price. He was shipped back to San Francisco, confined in an isolated stone and steel cell open to the cold bay breeze, his coat and waistcoat were taken away, and when not pounded with fists, clubs and feet, he was brow-beaten, insulted, and starved. After forty-one days the physical violence ceased and Esmond was turned into the ordinary detention cells, but no visitors, not even his wife and lawyers, were allowed him.

In these circumstances, when Esmond came to trial with others in December 1918, he and forty-two fellow-workers "went on strike" against Californian and American justice, refused all counsel, and sat mute in a court powerless to protect either its own fellow-citizens or the strangers within its gates from such savage outrages. During six weeks of this trial their strike was continued.

Esmond was sentenced to ten years in Leavenworth penitentiary, and took his fate unmurmuringly; but his prosecution was not done. Mrs. Leone Esmond, his wife, was an able worker, a first-rate clerk and shorthand reporter, and worked both for the Mooney and I.W.W. Defence Committees.

A plot was now concocted to accuse both Fred and Leone Esmond of being the authors of the dynamite explosion which killed ten persons in the Preparedness Parade in San Francisco in July 1916, for which the same plotters had already convicted Mooney and Billings.

In this scheme figured Private Detective Parsons, under the name of C. D. Matthews, posing as an agent of the United States Department of Labour. This man opened up a correspondence with Esmond in Leavenworth penitentiary, in which he boldfacedly proclaimed himself an agent of that department commissioned to ascertain the truth of the Mooney and Billings and the I.W.W. prosecutions. Esmond asked friends in San Francisco to investigate "Matthews." To them the sleuth showed good and convincing credentials. When so assured, Esmond responded to his overtures. With no notes, he undertook to reconstruct from memory all the tangled drama.

Matthews and Esmond corresponded by telegraph and letter for three months, in all of which time he laboured busily and enthusiastically. There never was anything to conceal either by Mooney or the I.W.W., but Matthews sought minute details of every incident, and for these Esmond racked his tired mind. It was the last straw. Esmond collapsed mentally.

His wife's home was invaded by lawyers and detectives. In her own domicile she was subjected to a "third-degree" examination, beginning about ten o'clock at night and lasting two days. She was compelled by the lawyers and detectives to give specimens of her handwriting; her effects were searched and torn apart; she was threatened, deprived of food or drink, and finally arrested.

In 1916 Leone and Fred Esmond had never met. Their first acquaintance was in April 1917, nearly a year after the Preparedness Day bomb. Upon that day Fred Esmond was a guest at a party composed of some of the best writers in America. To reveal these names now would be premature.

When these sleuths were questioning Leone Esmond she had not recovered from the news that Fred had collapsed mentally. Proceedings against her never have finally been abandoned. She is free now only because the present district attorney of San Francisco will not permit through his office such travesty of justice as her prosecution.

Fred Esmond is a patient in St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the Insane in Washington, D.C., and has been pronounced convalescent. His wife is fighting indictments and aiding her husband.

This is an almost unbelievable story, but true. It is a feebly told tale of Devil's Vengeance.

By John Nicholas Beffel.

Chicago.—Five Centralia trial jurors have now signed sworn statements admitting they knew when they convicted the seven I.W.W. members of murder in connection with the Armistice Day tragedy that all of them were innocent.

That jury was dominated by fear of the mob which raided the Centralia I.W.W. hall and which mutilated and lynched Wesley Everest, Wobbly, and ex-Service men. It convicted the defendants because it dared not acquit them. That is now acknowledged by the five jurors.

E. E. Torpen, one of the jurors, expresses his conviction that the four ex-Service men killed in front of the Centralia I.W.W. on Armistice Day were killed while raiding that hall, and declares his belief that the defendants never would have been found guilty if they had not been members of the I.W.W.

Torpen, one of the jurors, says under oath that when the jury retired from the court it took a trial ballot, in which the jurors were unanimous in favour of acquitting all the defendants. On ballot after ballot Torpen voted "Not guilty," he declares, until finally he changed his vote on condition that all the jurors would recommend leniency to the Court. He was shocked when Judge John Wilson sent the defendants to prison for twenty-five to forty years.

Martin Kulien, another juror who has signed the statement, was one of the man-hunters after the tragedy on Armistice Day. He was a stand-pat Republican then, but has changed and is now county chairman of the Farmer-Labour Party. The knowledge that he had sent innocent men to prison has haunted him wherever he went.

Sweitzer and Inmon especially are bitter toward F. B. Hubbard, lumber magnate, and the other business men who instigated the raid and the prosecution, and toward the judge who prohibited the defence from introducing any evidence to show that the business men deliberately planned to raid the I.W.W. He declares that an instruction was given to the jury which specified that eleven out of twelve could render a verdict without the concurrence of the twelfth man. This instruction was not read in Court, and if such a ruling was sent into the jury-room, counsel for the defence points out, it would render the whole trial illegal.

In Leavenworth Prison two I.W.W. prisoners—Tabib and Quigley—are slowly dying of tuberculosis. Appeals to federal authorities for their release have been futile.

Louis Davis, delegate for the Lumber Works Industrial Union, was cast into gaol at Klamath Falls, Oregon, and the enormous bail of 3,000 dollars (more than £600) was demanded. Davis was arrested for distributing leaflets advocating an eight-hour day. He was disgracefully kicked and beaten, then thrown into the "black hole," where he was not allowed to communicate with anyone. No charge was made. Davis was active in organising a strike for the eight-hour day initiated in the sawmills and box factories by the International Union of Timber Workers and supported by the I.W.W. loggers.

Proletarian Schools.—*Continued from page 2.*

out a smile on his face "that he would have you expelled if you dared to differ from the position he has been putting up." All this is very funny, and you naturally wonder why. This little story of an old woman may help you to solve the difficulty.

We were coming down the grand avenue. The Countess, Hyndman, Quelch, Wilson, and Anderson. We were all puffing out our chests, all of us, except her ladyship. The servant opens the gate for us. We walk through, and just at that moment an old woman of the working class was passing. And when she saw us she curtseyed very low. How did I know she was a woman of the working class? By her dress. She had on an old white "mush," just the same as my grandmother wore; a little "bando" over her shoulders, a thebet petty, and a drill apron; and on her feet was a pair of heavy boots full of nails or tackets. She did not raise her head, but kept in the stooping attitude so that we might pass. She thought we were lords along with the Countess. I was ashamed of myself, and did not know what to do. But little Stet Wilson solved the problem. He went forward to the old woman and tapped her shoulder, saying, "Why did you do that, mother?" The old woman never spoke—she could not. Wilson again tapped her gently, saying, "Why did you do that, mother?" The old woman slowly raised her bent back, and with a look of consternation on her face she said, "*We have always been used doing that.*" "*We have always been used doing that.*" Fellow-slave, the answer was true, and that's why we talk. If we were not what we are, we would fight, and talk less. You know talking breaks no bones. Think this over. An ounce of courage is worth a ton of ethics. A day's work for Communism is better than a year's talking about it. Your enemy will respect you if you can shoot straight.

MEETING.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18th, 5 p.m.,

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

UNEMPLOYMENT: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

Speakers:

Tom Anderson, Clara Cole, T. Hopson, Sylvia Pankhurst, and others.

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THE DEFENCE OF PROPERTY.

Henry Jacoby, in his calm little letter of thanks to the prison warders, showed himself more capable of rising above the painful circumstances of the case than those who were responsible for hanging him. The warders who were kind to him displayed the human feeling that was crushed down by those who decided that the lad must be exterminated.

The Press outcry against the unequal treatment of Jacoby and True is not altogether sincere, since the unequal application of the law towards rich and poor is of daily occurrence.

The main business of the penal machinery is to prevent the people who are in want from satisfying their need at the expense of those who have something to spare.

The contrast in the Home Secretary's treatment of True and Jacoby is observed to be glaring because the one case has followed so rapidly on the other. The Home Office will endeavour to explain the affair away, but it should be observed that the prison medical officers are Government employees, and the medical experts who presented the final report, were called in by the Government. The Government has its own method of conducting these matters.

There has lately been a stiffening in the administration of justice, but True's case was evidently regarded as an exception because he murdered, not one of the great ones, like the unfortunate Jacoby, but only a poor girl, reputed of "easy virtue." Girls of her sort, who sell themselves in order to be able to ape the extravagant ways of the rich, are regarded as social pests by the great ones whom the Government represents.

True was said to be insane. Of course he was. There is hardly a murderer who is not; but the law takes cognisance of temporary insanity, and that is doubtless what Jacoby suffered from.

If the boy Hewitt really committed the Gallows Tree murder without reason, as it is alleged, he undoubtedly was insane; and what alienist would fail to say that the Abertillery errand-boy who killed two little girls for the mere love of killing was anything but insane?

Here is another case of favouritism openly shown towards the well-to-do.

Dare St. Aubyn Sach, aged 27, educated at a public school, "very well connected," and an acquaintance of True, obtained a mitor-cycle costing £178 and £5 by means of bogus cheques. Sir Montague Sharp, at the risk, as he said, of being criticised for showing favour to the well-to-do, decided that this young gentleman "yielded to a sudden temptation," although the offences had been committed two years before and the criminal had made no attempt to repair his fault in the meantime. The motor dealer he defrauded had only been able to discover the whereabouts of the thief through his appearing as witness at the trial of True. This being the case of a gentleman "very well connected" *versus* an ordinary motor dealer, the magistrate decided not to convict, but to remand the blue-blooded offender for one month, and then to place him on probation.

Do not go running away, however, with the idea that it is only in such small ways that the Law Courts of capitalism differentiate against the propertyless in the interests of the propertied.

The Supreme Court of the United States has just declared unconstitutional a law against child labour tardily adopted by the legislature. Have we not had also the Osborne Judgment, and many another evil judge-given decision?

Last year Justice Van Sielen, of Brooklyn, made a declaration from the Bench which aptly puts the matter in a nutshell:

"The Courts must stand at all times as the representatives of Capital and of the captains of industry devoted to the principle of individual initiative, and strongly opposed to all schemes for the nationalisation of industry."

FLOGGING IN CARDIFF PRISON.

A woman imprisoned in Cardiff Gaol was recently brought before the magistrate and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for assaulting a wardress. Her defence was that she had been twice stripped and beaten with wet cloths by five wardresses, and had been informed that she would be beaten again next morning. The prison doctor admitted that the woman had made this complaint to him, and that he had observed the bruises on her arms, but had not examined her body. No further evidence was called. The maggstrate decided that the woman had invented the story. The rumour that such flogging of women takes place in other prisons has long been circulated, and certainly one hears most appalling screams in Holloway Prison from time to time.

We addressed a letter to the *Daily Herald* and other newspapers in this sense, calling for a public committee of inquiry composed of independent persons of broad views. Our letters were not published.

Gaol for the Unemployed.

A greater more crying scandal than that of the True and Jacoby discrimination passed unnoticed on Friday, June 9th. This is how the *Evening Standard* reported the matter:

"UNRULY PAUPERS.

"When three inmates of the Belmont Workhouse were charged at Sutton to-day. the master said numerous complaints had been received of people being terrified by the men. It was difficult to keep inmates in. because no sooner had the fence through which they escaped been repaired than it was pulled down again.

"Prisoners were sentenced t imprison ment with hard labour varying from fourteen days to three months."

Observe, fellow-worker, that the unfortunate paupers are treated as prisoners. The smiling fields, the shady lanes, beckon them to come out amongst the flowers this lovely June weather, but they are paupers; they must remain within the workhouse pale. Observe, too, that they are paupers, poverty's prisoners: people are supposed to be terrified of them. Yesterday they were honest, respectable citizens. To-day this man has lost his work, that man's little business has failed—perhaps because he conducted it too honestly in these hard times. In the official opinion, the honest respectable citizen of yesterday, in losing his means of subsistence, has become a social danger to-day.

The persecution of the unemployed is becoming the most hideous feature in life to-day. Five weeks on the dole that hardly keeps body and soul together, and five weeks off. What then? If the Buardians are lenient, a dole from the Guardians; if not, Belmont, Hollesley Bay, or some such slave colony for the men; for the women, the Workhouse; for the children, the Poor-Law Schools and emigration.

Do you stand for that, fellow-workers?

Are you prepared to tolerate the imposition of these monstrous sentences of from fourteen days to three months on your destitute comrades for merely getting out of the Workhouse precincts?

Must you wait for the capitalist Press to lead you to indignation before your sense of solidarity is aroused?

India and the Empire.

The Indian National Congress is considering the re-introduction of civil disobedience. A decision is to be arrived at before the end of power and following in the footsteps of Irish Sinn Fein. The Irish have been handicapped by their small territory and small population in facing the British Government; but the Indian population is overwhelming: her vast territory unconquer-August. The movement is evidently growing in able if organised to fight. The break-up of the British Empire is a necessary step in the breakdown of capitalism.

The break-up of the British Empire is a necessary step in the breakdown of capitalism.

Indian States.

The lowly poor in the Indian States ruled by aristocratic Indians are suffering under the harsh domination of their native tyrants, who work in close co-operation with the rulers of British India.

B. S. Pathik writes:

"As the British Capitalist Government is deadly opposed to the popular movements in the territories of its aristocratic tools the Indian States, it has commenced crushing with a hard heart the nascest agitation there against nakedness and starvation carried on by the working man and the agriculturist. On May 5th and 6th Government troops, under Major Pritchard, secretary to Agent Governor-General in Rajputana, burnt two villages—namely, Bhoja and Vallolia, in the Sirohee State. Two of my colleagues have just returned from the spot, and as a result of their enquiries the following figures have been ascertained.

"1. 640 houses were reduced to ashes, making 1,800 human beings homeless.

"2. 250 tons of cirn were either burnt or looted, leaving 825 families in starvation.

"3. 600 cartloads of hay were burnt.

"4. 29 men were shot dead by machine-guns and rifles, and many were wounded, including an old lady of 60 whi was fired at while hiding.

"5. A boy of ten years was burnt alive.

"Please note that all these barbarities were committed on people who wanted a reduction in taxes and redress of their many and serious grievances regarding forced and unpaid labour, vexatious and arbitrary taxes, and ill-treatment by officials. I shall soon send you a copy of the report which my colleagues are writing on what they have seen at spot."

Mr. Leonard Brown.

Lord Northcliffe went to Germany under a "*nom de guerre.*" If you or we had done it, comrades, it would have been described as travelling with a false passport and the Northcliffe Press would have demanded punishment for us. We should like to know whether the passport authorities knowingly issued Lord Northcliffe a passport in the name of Leonard Brown, or whether Lord Northcliffe employed the forger's art in altering the document.

Lord Northcliffe's articles on Germany are both vulgar and flippant; they are decidedly beneath the standard of the *Times*, the editorial staff of which will hardly be proud of these contributions. Lord Northcliffe leads off by stating that he observed a number of pregnant women in Germany. He appears to suggest that there is some subtle and sinister organisation behind that simple natural fact. He goes on to say that a German with whom he held polite converse offered to shake hands with him at parting, but the jingo Northcliffe rudely refused because he "does not shake hands with Germans." In his third article he reports some insolent remarks which he says he made to certain Germans. Had he spoken as he pretends, he would either have been shown the door or have been given a black eye, according to the temperament of the person addressed. It is strange that any man should be so misguided as to boast of behaving like an impudent cad.

The Capitalists and Russia.

The quarrel of Franco-British capitalists regarding Russia amounts to this: French capitalism contends that Soviet Russia must restore the properties taken away from private individuals during the Revolution. British capitalism says no. Soviet Russia need not restore to their former owners the actual properties confiscated, privided she makes adequate reparation in the shape of money or other properties. Why this difference of opinion? It is because British capitalists want to have properties, and especially oil properties, which formerly belonged to the capitalists of other nations.

The best thing that can happen is for the rival capitalisms to go on keeping each other out of Russia until Soviet Russia loses faith in the futile dream of benefiting her population through the exploitation of foreign capitalists.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

RUSSIAN WORKERS' OPPOSITION JOINS FOURTH INTERTIONAL.

The revolutionary Left Wing Communists of Russia on the lack of principle on the part of the Labour Opposition and on the necessity of founding the Communist Wirkers' Party of Russia.

Some time prior to the eleventh Congress of the Russian Communist Party the group of revolutionary Left Wing Communists of Russia had already come forward as the Communist Workers' Party, as distinct from the Communist Party of Russia.

The group realised and acknowledged that the prevalent temper of the workers was one of opposition. It believed that the great working masses who found themselves in opposition should have the opportunity of sending an authentic representation to the eleventh Congress for the purpose of an open expression of opinion. Moreover, they held that after the Congress these masses should be allowed to exert an influence on the internal and external policy of the Russian Communist Party. That, however, was *not* to be the case.

The Labour Opposition was scourged with the aid of all the hateful administrative, demagogic devices conceivable, and this the Congress—responding to the Central Committee of the Party—calmly sanctioned. It did so because it was the natural offspring of its unhealthy bringing-up under those who are misusing the name and credit of the proletarian working class, and in order to maintain their own supremacy, are making, at the expense of the workers, blunders which endanger the very existence of the Russian Proletariat. Those intriguers of the Russian Communist Party are enlisting the trade union aristocracy in order to paralyse the leaders of the Labour Opposition and besmirch the Opposition movement.

There is no possibility of reforming the Russian Communist Party from within. In any case, this "Labour Opposition" is not capable of doing it.

Consequently, the Group of Revolutionary Left Wing Communists, taking up a Left Wing attitude towards these leaders, the Labour Opposition, have set themselves the task of defending the Communist Revolution, and likewise the genuine opposition on the part of the workers. Thus it intends to do outside the official Russian Communist Party, i n its capacity as Communist Workers' Party of Russia. As such it will support all that is left of revolutionary tendencies in the Russian Communist Party, but will severely criticise and condemn all measures and tactics that threaten the interests of the proletarian world-wide revolution and hold up the expansion of that honest Labour Dictatorship that still exists. We welcome and support all those demands and propositions of the Labour Opposition which point in a sound revolutionary direction, and which are in keeping with the dignity and historic mission of the working class.

We perceive in the endeavours of the Leader Opposition to pledge themselves "to the improvement of the cause of the Menshevist, bourgeois United Front in our country" (as they themselves have worded it) that they have not yet recognised, even on principle, that the working class is being driven by the authorities of the Communist International and its sections along wrong paths. We repudiate this outstanding mistake of the Leader Opposition, and maintais that the situation of the Proletariat throughout the world is at the present moment an extremely difficult one, in view of the proposed reconstruction of capitalist world-economy by means of Lenin's United Front. But capitalism, too, faced as it is with a crisis that grows more complicated and acute with each day, finds itself in a blind alley.

The Third International has deceitfully exchanged its platform fir an out-and-out Right Wing platform. The more it becomes bound up with the capitalism which is being newly introduced into Russia, the sooner it will get its *coup-de-grâce*.

We must not allow the thought to develop and influence us that because of the present trend the bit each of us did in the first turmoil of the revolution was, as likely as not, done to no purpose. On the contrary, supported by our experiences in the revolution, and by the knowledge that capitalism is at the present moment in its death-throes, we are convinced that the political course we are following is the right one.

Therefore, we maintain that there has never been a more opportune moment, and that it has nevtr been more incumbent upon the revolutionary proletariat to found the Communist Workers' Party of Russia and the Communist Workers' International.

The Communist Workers' Party will on no account forsake the domain of Communist, revolutionary working-class activities. It will set out to discover both the surest way of strengthening the proletarian movement and a sound revolutionary strategy that will enable this movement to spread to all countries. It is firmly resolved upon standing for the principles of revolutionary Marxism and energetically opposing every attempt at co-operation and reconciliation with the bourgeoisie. *In all theoretical ana practical problems, the C.W.P. of Russia will be influenced by the Communist Workers' Party of Germany, and it pays regard also to the Communist Workers' Parties in Holland, Bulgaria, and Czecho-Slovakia, which have united with it,* as well as to all other Left Wing Communist parties and groups which adhere to it.

Up, comrades of the Opposition! Forward in action against all opportunism and the "reconstruction" policies which bear the stamp of hypocritical pseudo-Communist phraseology.

GROUP OF THE REVOLUTIONARY LEFT WING COMMUNISTS (COMMUNIST WORKERS' PARTY) OF RUSSIA.

CHILDE HAROLD IN MANHATTAN.

I.

I stood on a tower on Manhattan Isle,
I saw New York as far as th' eye could reach.
I saw to right and left her structures file
Away into a labyrinth of streets.
A range of window'd heights, a jagged ridge
Of marble towers gray against the sky.
Stretches along her mass of rib-like streets,
A backbone of gigantic vertebrae
Lodging the central cord of her vast nerve supply.

II.

She looks a giant coral sprung from th' ocean.
A reef of things that lived once turned to stone.
From the deep water once in great commotion
Thrown up amain a mighty skeleton
Of myriad towers bristling towards the sun.
Whose flesh and bones were these? Whose souls have fled
To build these monstrous monuments of stone?
And what was their reward?—a piece of bread:
Could that pay for a life that's gone, a soul that's dead?

II.

For work is death, work that is not the tongue
That gives life's utterance; and he's a slave
Who toils against his nature. All life long
He turns and kneads the mortar of his grave.
His works are tombstones. O ye all who rave
And call this progress, ye, ye are the ones
Who preach undreamed-of bliss beyond the grave!
Rejoice ye who are dead, ye fleshless bones:
Rejoice ye walls, rejoice ye bricks, ye blocks, ye stones!

III.

She must have nerves of bronze, that stately dame
Who guards the mortals of th' Atlantic sea
To meet the wand'rer with a torch of flame.
Else she would blush for shame, else she would flee.
But whither? Ah! therein's the irony!
They fought like lions there on distant strands,
They sought just such another "Liberty."
Just such another goddess for their lands.
Not first, not last; they've many a god o'er there for ornaments.

IV.

But there we have indeed one mighty God—
The God of our forefathers, grand and grim.
Hunger his name is! In his ways we trod
Since we were brutes on four, and it is him
We still now worship—strange though this may seem!
Here, too, ye worship him, so we are kin!
Your hand, my pious one! Why did I dream
I was alone amidst this toil and din?
A mighty God indeed, who make the world so kin.

VI.

He is the very god of my belief,
The God of Gods. It was his mighty hand
That shook the soil of Europe in a sieve
To strow its dust upon this continent.
Ye gathered it; such was his sole command
To knead and mould and dry it into bricks.
Ye have surpassed us, I admit, my fiend,
Here every step your sacrifices speak.
Behold this city vast one mighty altar reeks.

VII.

Well, have ye progressed here, ye labouring swains?
The hand that flung ye headlong o'er the seas,
Yet left its great momentum in your veins.
What toils! what speed! what rush without surcease!
Like waters fallen down a precipice,
Too dazed rush to and fro. O, hapless things,
What cruel destiny, what mad caprice
Has brought ye here before this mighty sphynx,
Before whose might ye're stunned, your hardened mettle shrinks?

VIII.

Ye must her riddle solve, else ye are lost.
Ye need more wit, ye brutes! On to the mills
Where human nature's grinded into dust.
What a mad dance there where all mankind reels
To that great racking symphony of wheels
Where Hunger holds the baton. How ye sport
To that wild music! How you mettle thrills
In that great crackling, burning-hot retort
Whence the great alchemists their precious gold distill.

IX.

Is this the pot where melts the precious ore
To cast the mettle of the future man?
O myriad ages, ages gone before.
On their rude ways advancing span by span,
Have mined these treasures; from the rocky glen,
From the deep caevrns where the dragons lodge,
From the great heights untrodden since by men,
Where Awe and Wonder rear colossal gods
They gathered, left it to posterity as such.

X.

They made great gods thereof in days by gone.
And what will ye therewith, that shrivel and shrink
Its very substance into lifeless stone?
What will it at your hand away that fling
Its soul a waste product, a useless thing.
Will man-made man amuse delight ye more
Than that wild nature made proclaimed it king?
Whither, ah! whither drift we? Towards what shore?
Towards what great civilised barbarism unknown before?

XI.

This is the purgatory of all races.
O hunger, God primeval, mighty one.
In other kingdoms and in other places
We worshipped thee, yet not thy shrines alone.
Yet pagan blood in us there needs must run,
For we had idols many; we held dear
The fire, the sun, the stars—each had his own.
Absolve us from ourselves, O god, we fear
Lest we remain unfit for thy great kingdom here.

XII.

Absolves us from ourselves that yet abides
One ling'ring spark of that Promethean fire.
That pagan god encroached upon thy rights:
Well had great Jove pursued him in his ire.
For wherefore should the gods of man require
To bear that mighty burden on his head,
That tears the heart with longing and desire,
That hurts, that burns and tortures till we are dead?
Absolve us from ourselves, O god, lest we grow mad.

XIII.

Lest we for draught grow wild upon the waves
Of this Sargasso-sea set in turmoil.
Lest here that loneness prove to be our graves
Amidst these multitudes here where the coil
Of the live wire is linking soil to soil.
Yet fails to bring across the gaps that yawn
'Twixt man and th' other, here where men recoil
In isolation amidst their very own,
Here where the ceaseless toil is turning men to stone.

I. NEWMAN.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

A CRITICAL APPRECIATION

By ROSA LUXEMBURG.

(Translated from the German by M. CAMPBELL.)

(Continued from last issue.)

That is an all-powerful objective law which no party can evade. The fundamental mistake in the Lenin-Trotski theory is that, just like Kautsky, it places the dictatorship in opposition to democracy. "Dictatorship *or* Democracy"—this is how the problem is expressed by the Bolshevists, as well as by Kautsky. The latter naturally decides in favour of democracy and for a *bourgeois* democracy, seeing that he puts it forward as the alternative of the Socialist Revolution. Lenin and Trotski, on the contrary, decide in favour of the dictatorship, in opposition to democracy; in favour, therefore, of the dictatorship of a handful of persons. That is, dictatorship in the bourgeois style. The two doctrines are at opposite poles, and both are far removed from the genuine Socialist policy. The proletariat, supposing it was to seize the power, cannot under any circumstances follow Kautsky's good advice. It cannot, under the pretext of the "immaturity of the country," renounce the Socialist Revolution and dedicate itself to democracy alone, without being guilty of treachery toward itself, toward the International, and toward the Revolution. In the most energetic, stubborn, and reckless manner, an immediate start should, and must, be made in this matter of Socialist measures. In short, the dictatorship must be put into practice; but it must be dictatorship of the workers as a class, not the dictatorship of a party or a clique. It must be a class dictatorship which receives a wide public sanction, which allows of the most active unrestricted participation of the masses of the people, and which does not negate a broad-minded democracy. "As Marxists, we have never been great admirers of formal democracy," writes Trotski. It is true we have never been great admirers of formal democracy; but then we have never been great admirers of Socialism or of Marxism either. Does it follow that if Socialism, if Marxism does nit quite suit us, we can say that we have no use for it also, and throw it, à la Cunow-Lensch-Parvus, into the lumber-room? Trotski and Lenin are the living negation of this question. We have never been great admirers of formal democracy. That only means we have always made a practice of distinguishing the social substance of bourgeois demands from its political form; we have always disclosed the bitter seeds of social inequality and lack of freedom lying beneath the sweet husk of formal equality and freedom. It is not that we would abolish formal equality and freedom, but that we desire to goad on the working class to dissatisfaction with the husk, and to induce them to capture the political power and thus fill this husk with a new social content. It is the historic task of the proletariat, once it gets into power, to create a Socialist democracy in place of the bourgeois democracy, not to put an end to every sort of democracy.

Socialist democracy will not make its first appearance in the land of promise. After the sub-structure of Socialist economy has been prepared, in the shape of a newly-made Christmas gift for the gallant people who in the interim have been faithfully supporting the handful of Socialist dictators. Socialist democracy begins the moment a start is made with the demolition of class rule and the construction of Socialism. It begins the moment the Socialist Party captures the power. It is nothing but the dictatorship of the proletariat. Yes in truth, dictatorship! But this dictatorship consists in the energetic and determined invasions of the well-earned rights and the economic relationships of bourgeois society, without which the Socialist Revolution does not admit of realisation. This dictatorship must be the work of the working class, and not of a small minority taking control in the name of the working class. In other words, the dictatorship must come forth, step by step, out of the active participation of the masses. It must be subject to their direct influence, must be under the control of the expressed will of the public, and, finally, must arise out of the advance in political education of the masses of the people.

We have every reason to suppose that the Bolshevists would have worked along these lines had they not been subjected to the terrible coercion of the world-war, to the German occupation, and the abnormal difficulties created by it, which are enough to distort any Socialist policy, although inspired by the best intentions and the finest principles.

A somewhat crude argument in favour of this view is supplied by the Soviet Government's most lavish use of the terror. We have in mind the period prior to the collapse of German Imperialism and subsequent to the attempt on the lives of the members of the German Legation. That revolutions are not christened with rose-water is a truism which in itself is rather void of meaning.

Everything that is happening in Russia is comprehensible, and can be considered as an inevitable chain of causes and effects, whose starting-point and keystone are the failure to act on the part of the German proletariat, and the occupation of Russia by German Imperialism. One might just as well demand something superhuman from Lenin and his comrades, as expect them, in addition to what they have accomplished, to conjure up, under such circumstances, the finest democracy, the most exemplary dictatorship of the proletariat and a flourishing Socialist economy. Thanks to their resolute revolutionary attitude, their exemplary initiative, and their steadfast loyalty to international Socialism, they have really done everything possible under such infernally difficult conditions. They enter the danger zone, however, when they begin to make a virtue of necessity; when they claim theoretical correctness for a strategy which was forced upon them by their desperate circumstances; when they offer this product to the international proletariat as though it was a model Socialist strategy worthy of imitation. By doing so they bring themselves quite unnecessarily into the limelight, whilst putting their real historic merit under a bushel. Moreover, they do much harm to international Socialism, for the sake and love of which they have struggled and suffered. People art not so ready to believe that all the perversities which have cropped up in Russia are the upshot of necessity and of the rule of force. It is harmful to enter all these things into the notebook of international Socialism, as though they constituted new knowledge, whereas, when all is said and done, they only reflect the bankruptcy of international Socialism during the war.

Let the German Government-Socalists say what they please about the Bolshevist rule in Russia being a caricature of the dictatorship of the proletariat. If that is true, the only reason for it is that the Russian dictatorship of the proletariat was actually a product of the attitude taken up by the German proletariat, and this, in its turn, was a caricature o fthe Socialist class-fight. We are all subject to the law of history and the Socialistic ordering of society can only be carried out on international lines. The Bolshevists have shown that they were capable of doing everything that a genuinely revolutionary party can possibly accomplish within the bounds of historic practicabilities. We cannot expect them to work miracles. For a faultless and exemplary proeltarian revolution in an isolated country which has been exhausted in a world-war, stifled by imperialism and betrayed by the international proletariat, would be a miracle. After all, our main concern must be to find out what is essential in the policy of the Bolshevists and what is not; what is its keynote, and how much of it is accidental.

But the question does not altogether centre round the Constituent Assembly and the electoral franchise. The freedom of the Press and the right of forming unions and holding meetings are also invo'ved. There was no reason why these should have been abolished. They are the best democratic guarantees of a healthy public life, and a stimulus to the poltical activity of the working masses. There was no reason why the opponents of the Soviet Government should have been denied the exercise of these rights. The line of argument which Trotski has adopted in contending that the electoral bodies are clumsy cannot be used to justify this infringement. On the contrary, it is a well-known and indisputable fact that without a free, unrestricted Press, without the unimpeded existence of unions and assemblies, the rule of wide masses of the people is, of all things, quite inconceivable.

Lenin asserts the bourgeois State is an instrument for the oppression of the working class; the Socialist State an instrument for the oppression of the bourgeoisie. In a sense, the idea is merely to turn the capitalist State upside down. This simplified conception overlooks what is the most essential thing of all—the bourgeois class-rule does not require the whole mass of the people to be politically schooled and educated; at least, what education it requires for the masses is only within certain definitely prescribed limits. On the other hand, the schooling of the masses is a factor for the proletarian dictatorship: it is the very air it breathes, and without which it could not exist.

"Thanks to the open and direct struggle for Governmental authrity, the working masses are accumulating in a very short time a great amount of political experience, and are advancing rapidly from one stage of development to another."

The period through which we are now passing will see this world-wide conflict brought to its final and decisive stages in every land. The most important problem with which Socialism is faced has been, and still remains, the burning question of the hour. It is not a question of this or that tactical detail, but as to whether the proletariat is capable of taking action; whether the great have the power to assert themselves and the will to establish Socialism. In this respect Lenin and Trotski and their friends were the first to set the world-proletariat a good example, and they still remain the only people who can say. "I haev dared to attempt this great task."

This is the essential and enduring aspect of the Bolshevist policy. Here we have the *true* significance of the Bolshevists. Their names will live for ever in the pages of history as being the first to set the international proletariat an example of how to capture political power and how to deal in a practical way with the problem of realising Socialism. They will be remembered, too, as the people who brought about great world-wide developments in the dispute between Capital and Labour. In Russia the problem of this realisation of Socialism could only be presented. It could not find its solution in Russia. In this sense the future of all nations belongs to "Bolshevism."

THE END.

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SAYINGS OF RECENT TIMES.
Would the Authors Repeat Them?

". . . I doubt as to further appeals being made to the patriotism of the men concerned. They have been appealed to by their own Trade Union leaders and by Cabinet Ministers, but they appear to be determined to take their own course, no matter what is said. It remains to be seen how the stern enforcement of the law, such as the transfer of the ring-leaders from the affected area, will assist.

"Yours sincerely, Arthur Henderson."—From a letter concerning the Clyde deportees quoted in the *Labour Leader*, February 1st, 1917.

"It has been claimed that men should be put on pension . . . inasmuch as the doctors have passed them in. . . . I want to say they will not get it while I am in the office."—G. N. Barnes, Pensions Minister. From a speech in the House of Commons, March 6th, 1917.

"I want the serious men of the trade unions, the brotherhoods, and similar movements, to face their duty. To such it is sufficient to say: 'England has need of you,' and to say it in the right way."—Ramsay Macdonald letter to a recruiting meeting, *Daily Chronicle*, September 14th, 1914.

"He had more sympathy with those who did not believe in Parliamentary action at all than he had some two or three years ago, for the more he saw of the working of the Parliamentary machine the less inclined he was to place reliance on its efficiency. It might be open to discussion whether they should allow the Socialist movement to run into the political groove at all, but if they admitted that the State should be used to help them to realise their ideal, still the method of going step by step did not commend itself to him. The same amount of energy, time and zeal, which would be required to convert Parliament to passing a general Eight-Hours Act would, if expended properly, secure its entire conversion from an Individualistic into a Socialist assembly, and make Parliament absolute master of the situation in the interests of Socialism."—From a speech by Keir Hardie to London Fabians.

SPICE.

Since years a young man is wandering around the world. He is welcomed everywhere with great pomp, enthusiasm, cordiality; he is received with sumptuous parades; the most notable citizens salute him, honour him, admire him, lead him, feast him, amuse him. Flowers, jewels, gifts are presented to him. The prettiest girls clad in their most beautiful national costumes greet him and flatter him. The greatest palaces shelter him. Everybody is at his feet. Why? Is he a saviour of humanity? Is he a rare philosopher? A unique scientific man? Extremely rare? A benefactor? An admirable inventor? A genial artist? A musician? A poet? A painter? A sculptor? An actor? A comedian? A clown? A skilful engineer? A fine builder? The best acrobat? Or perchance an extraordinary idiot? Or a monstrous being? Does he have the most twisted body, the most distorted limbs? Does he have ten arms, or sixty toes, or five heads, or seven yards of hair, or an eye in his navel? Or can he jump over the Everest? Speak with nymphs and brownies? Flap his ears? Roar like a lion? . . . None of these things. His only merit is that he is the Prince of Wales, an arch-parasite, a living and typical example of monarchy, the age-old oppressor of peoples, a symbol of the immoral system of submission. The low prostituted representatives of this republic where the mere praise of monarchy should be condemned, have feted him lavishly, more than they have ever done with any real great man. And now he is in India, where his presence is an insult to the honest struggle for independence of the intelligent natives. He is pictured for the fools at home as a mighty hunter, because, armed to the teeth and surrounded by hundreds of servants riding on lots of elephants, he dares to kill a defenceless tiger that has evidently been trapped or tamed for him. Why is he not brave enough to go out into the jungle alone and face the great cat and fight it? What a model of heroism for the school children of his land! What an elevation of the mind! What a display of love of life and of nature! Oh, bards of our times, sing hymns to him, glorify him, worship him—in your newspapers lined with contract advertisements!—From "Rational Living," New York.

:: CORRESPONDENCE. ::

DEAR EDITOR,—

Having spent a fortnight in Portsmouth, I am sending you some notes on the situation. There are two Unemployed Committees in Portsmouth, one belonging to the national movement, the other being a soup-kitchen concern under the influence of the local Labour Fakirs and Mr. Bruce Cornford, a local parson. I gather that they had collected and spent about £1,000 on relief work in the shape of charity. Now that this has vanished, the unemployed—of whom there are 7,000—are in a hopeless condition; and discharges are taking place every week from the dockyard.

The Board of Guardians has no flat rate, and treats cases "on their merits," as they put it. One of the unemployed informed me that he had 10/- granted to him to provide for himself and wife and pay rent. There are many more cases of the same description.

The people in work are very badly off. One young woman, engaged from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. as housemaid, for six days per week gets the princely sum of 6/- per week, plus two meals per day. If this is not slavery, then slavery never existed.

The spirit of the unemployed is appalling indeed; and no wonder. What spirit they had seems to have been starved out of them, and all you can get from them when you talk about making a move is that the pensioners are up against them, as the pensioners are willing slaves, ready to take jobs (when offered) at a price which, with the addition of their miserable pensions, only provides a bare existence. It is time these pensioners woke up to the fact that a pension is separate from wages and has been previously earned for services rendered. It is also time they realised that they are driving their unfortunate brethren to the very lowest depths of poverty and misery. They will yet realise that they are all of the one class—the working class—and an injury to one is an injury to all.

Many members are running out of their unions owing to their futility, as at present constructed. All you can hear is that leaders are waxing fat at the expense of the wage-earners, and care not how the members fare so long as they remain the dupes of officialdom. What is wanted is the One Big Union for all workers, irrespective of craft or skill, working to overthrow capitalism and establish a society in which there shall be to each according to his needs from each according to his capabilities.

In conclusion, there is a splendid little group of good workers now established in Portsmouth. There is a Sunday School and a Speakers' Class at work.

The unemployed are getting on with one organisation for all unemployed. Meetings are good in attendance, and I believe Portsmouth will, ere long, wake up out of its apathy to find itself a strong militant working-class organisation bent upon its emancipation through economic industrial channels, instead of the orthodox fallacies of the past, and imbued with the spirit of banishing gods from the skies and capitalists from the earth they will play their part manfully in making the lands of the world fit for heroes to live upon.

Yours fraternally, and for the Revolution and Communism.

T. HOBSON.

Portsmouth, June 4th, 1922.

AN IRISH LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR,—It has just come to our knowledge that a letter to the *Workers' Dreadnought* from a few rebels here, who are carrying on a campaign against Third International tactics and influences in Ireland, to those who are opposed to the same International in England, would do no harm. English comrades should realise for themselves that Ireland is not "the one bright spot" as far as Communism is concerned.

No doubt it has been often repeated before that "the C.P.I. is a tragic farce," or rather it is a tragic-comedy farce." The tragedy of the party is nearly over, thanks to the thesis which has led it into the slough, into which the same thesis has led every Third International party. In short, the C.P.I. is in liquidation.

The workers of England know that the thesis is dead, and that it was throttled when the Soviet Government made concessions to Vanderlip and Co., and thereby restored and recognised private property in Russia. We see that the Workers' Opposition in Russia is the only movement that will save the Russian masses from international capitalism by driving the so-called tacticians from power and re-instating in their places honest men who will not bow the knee to international brigandage and imperialism.

We know that the Workers' Opposition is a movement that must operate against all parties affiliated to the Moscow International in other countries besides Russia.

The C.P.I. claims that the only "land policy" needed can be picked out of the thesis. Any English worker or Communist who has been to and travelled through Ireland and studied her conditions, knows that, as far as the agricultural community is concerned, there are more farmers than labourers in that community. Is not the small peasant proprietor also a farmer? Then here there is another class who one day work for others, and another day work their own little farms. In short, it must be noted that this country is cursed as much by "gombeenism" as Switzerland and Denmark are.

The C.P.I., true again in spirit to the thesis, pledge their support to the I.R.A. (Executive), but always take good care to be in London or elsewhere when something is about to happen in the nature of discharging firearms and throwing bombs. Their mock support is of the "drawing-room revolutionary pattern," which is: Give all praise, but when the time comes get into a blue funk and do nothing.

Were the adherents of "democratic centralisation" any good at all, they would be in the Four Courts, or some other fort manned by the I.R.A. (Executive); but their lily fingers prevent them from handling a rifle, since it is a rather heavy and dangerous article to toy with. Their wooden-gun Red Army still exists, and is just as futile as ever it was. The I.R.A. never did, and never will, touch the Communist Party, since they know it is neither Irish nor Communist.

These adherents of so-called Communist discipline cannot answer very much for their inactivity during the past few months. When the unemployed seized the Rotunda Concert Hall the C.P. sat still, but when the crisis was nearly over they let down the unemployed by getting them to surrender the Hall. Every other active Left Winger has been let down by a crowd in that party who style themselves the N.E.C. The N.E.C.'s inactivity and "let-down" methods have driven every active Red out of this tragic little party. As was well known before, the thesis was let down "boring from within" the trade unions is futility and a wasting of time and energy, which may be multiplied together as follows: Time by energy equals work.

The only hope left is industrial unionism for Ireland, an Industrial Union organised on the I.W.W. basis; nothing else will do here. We all know that the R.T.U.I. at Amsterdam is a farce. We are still carrying on the fight against capitalism.

ECONOMIC SECTION.

[In our opinion, the workers should be organised industrially in One Big Union built up on the workshop basis, animated by the definite object of overthrowing capitalism and establishing Communism.]

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

[Books reviewed may be obtained from *Dreadnought* Bookshop, 152 Fleet Street.]

The Jazz of Patriotism, an anti-war play, by Fanny Bixly Spencer. (George W. Moyle Publishing Co., California, U.S.A. 50 cents.) Gives a graphic and racy picture of the Women's Jingo Patriotic Organisations in U.S.A. during the war.

Between Red and White, a study of some fundamental questions of revolution, with particular reference to Georgia, by Leon Trotsky. (2/-. C.P.G.B.)

Communism and Society, by W. Paul. (2/6. C.P.G.B.) This book, which largely deals with Third International tactics, was written before the United Front was proposed and before the New Economic Policy of Soviet Russia was inaugurated. Therefore, it is not in line with the present policy of the Third International.

The Indian Trade Union Congress Committee appeals to working-class organisations to protest against the imprisonment of J. B. Miller, founder and organiser of the Indian Railwaymen's Organisation, who has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment on a charge of inciting railway workers to throw stones at trains. It is stated that the charge is false, and merely a pretext to hamper Mr. Miller's organising work.

HOLLESLEY BAY.
A Comrade's Brief Account.

Told by Guardians it would be more of a holiday than work at Hollesley Bay Labour Colony, Suffolk, Superintendent Bartop, on arrival, discovered conditions:

Fifty hours a week for 2/6, minus 1/- held back to end of thirteen weeks—*i.e.*, 13/- in a lump sum.

Warned not to get drunk, and urged to attend church (where the boss reads the lessons).

Food poor and scanty.

Went on strike for a 49-hour week.

Told strike was monstrous.

Ninety-eight men came away.

On arriving in London, interviewed Russell, secretary Central Unemployed Cody for London. Got no satisfaction.

Jack Mills and Tom Kennedy raised matter in "gas-house."

Returned men applying for relief offered only the Workhouse.

Signed, on behalf of 98 men,

H. W. BRISTOW.

DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £184 10s. J. Leakey, £7 1s. 3d.; F. T. Dent, 5/-; A. J. T., 1/-; Mrs. Cattermole, 5/-; A Friend, £1; F. Lawes, 10/-; Collections, Beckton Road Meeting, 2/8; Sunday Meetings, 7/11; Tower Hill and Water Lane Meetings, 2/5; A. G., 7/6; R. E., £1; Mrs. Fairhurst, 1/-; Per E. F. Dean, £2; E. Wright, 10/-; J. Vibert, £2; A. Hidson, £2; A Friend, £6; Howard Mason, 4/6; W. J. Braddick, £1; H. J. M., 10/-; M. Manoin, £1. Total for week, £26 7s. 9d. Total, £210 17s. 9d.

"WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT" SHOW CARDS.

We have some small *Dreadnought* show cards with a fine decorative drawing in which the worker is depicted breaking the chains which bind the earth. These may be obtained from the *Dreadnought* office by those who will display them.

THE TRADE UNION BREAKDOWN.

The engineers' lock-out is ended, fellow-workers. The engineers have gone back to work on the employers' terms—as the miners went, as the shipyard workers went.

It is a serious matter for trade unionism, fellow-worker, this defeat, following the other defeats. Where will it end, fellow-workers?

The 'busmen's section of the Transport Workers' Federation has been holding its conference in London, fellow-workers. The conference was merely an uproar of dissatisfied men who cried out against the "Labour fakirs," who shouted denunciations of "Black Friday," who demanded the reduction of official salaries.

Trade unionism has broken down: it has been trying to patch and palliate the capitalist system, and it has failed. Its leaders are wandering in the wilderness. They have followed Lloyd George, Asquith, J. M. Keynes, and other capitalist politicians. They have fixed their thoughts and their hopes on the interests of the capitalists, imagining that the workers would benefit indirectly.

British capitalists won the war; they enforced a peace of their own choosing, and the result is that the conditions of the British working class are worse than they have ever been in living memory. Moreover, there is no sign of improvement: things are getting worse and worse. What is the remedy, fellow-workers? A hard one? You must build anew. You must organise yourselves in the places where you work, with the object of changing the system altogether. The capitalist system must go: that is the great evil, the great enemy.

In Sheffield the other day a family of unemployed people were evicted, and their comrades tried to put them back into their house. The police charged the people and struck them with their batons. They arrested the men they had assaulted. In court the police officials denied that some of the constables had objected to taking part in this inhuman outrage on the homeless and said "We have children of our own."

We know that if the constables did not say it they must have felt it.

Fellow-workers, is it not time that we should feel our solidarity, act our solidarity, and organise in solidarity?

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